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THE
IMMORTALITY
OF THE
SOUL.
A
POEM.

THE

ORIGINAL

NATURE

AND

IMMORTALITY

OF THE

S.O.U.L.



M

P.O.

SIR JOHN DAVIES
ATTORNEY-GENERAL
OF IRELAND

GLASGOW

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. A. BROWN

MDCCCXXII

THE
ORIGINAL,
NATURE,
AND
IMMORTALITY
OF THE
S O U L.

A
P O E M

BY
SIR JOHN DAVIES,
ATTORNEY-GENERAL TO
Q. ELIZABETH.

GLASGOW,
PRINTED AND SOLD BY R. & A. FOULIS.
MDCCXLIX.

THE
ORIGINAL
PICTURE
AND
IMMORTALITY
OF THE
SOUL



BY
SIR JOHN DAWKINS
ATTORNEY-GENERAL TO
THE QUEEN

GLASGOW
PRINTED AND SOLD BY R. & A. TAYLOR
1851

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(1)

THE
AUTHOR'S
DEDICATION
TO
QUEEN
ELISABETH.

TO that clear majesty, which in the north,
Doth like another sun in glory rise,
Which standeth fix'd, yet spreads her heav'nly worth,
Loadstone to hearts, and load-star to all eyes.

Like Heaven in all, like earth in this alone,
That tho' great states by her support do stand,
Yet she herself supported is of none,
But by the finger of th' Almighty's hand.

To the divinest and the richest mind,
Both by art's purchase, and by nature's dower,
That ever was from heaven to earth confin'd,
To shew the utmost of a creature's power.

A

DEDICATION.

To that great spring, which doth great kingdoms move,
 The sacred spring whence right and honour streams,
 Distilling virtue, shedding peace and love
 In ev'ry place as Cynthia sheds her beams.

I offer up some sparkles of that fire,
 Whereby we reason, live, and move, and be,
 These sparks by nature evermore aspire,
 Which makes them now to such a Highness flee.

Fair soul, since to the fairest body join'd,
 You give such lively life, such quick'ning power,
 And influence of such celestial kind,
 As keeps it still in youth's immortal flower.

As where the sun is present all the year,
 And never doth retire his golden ray,
 Needs must the spring be everlasting there,
 And every season like the month of May.

O many, many years may you remain
 A happy angel to this happy land;
 Long, long may you on earth our empress reign,
 E'er you in heaven a glorious angel stand.

Stay long, sweet spirit, e'er thou to heav'n depart,
 Who make'st each place a heav'n wherein thou art.

HER MAJESTY'S

Devoted Subject and Servant,

July 11, 1592.

JOHN DAVIES.

THE INTRODUCTION.

WHY did my parents send me to the schools,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind,
Since the desire to know first made men fools,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind ?

For when God's hand had written in the hearts
Of our first parents all the rules of good ;
So that their skill infus'd surpass'd all arts
That ever were before, or since the flood.

And when their reason's eye was sharp and clear,
And, as an eagle can behold the sun,
Could have approach'd th' eternal light as near
As th' intellectual angels could have done ;

Ev'n then to them the spirit of lies suggests,
That they were blind, because they saw not ill ;
And breath'd into their incorrupted breasts
A curious wish, which did corrupt their will.

From that same ill, they strait desir'd to know ;
Which ill being nought but a defect of good,
In all God's works the devil could not show
While man, their lord, in his perfection stood.

So that themselves were first to do the ill,
E'er they thereof the knowledge could attain;
Like him that knew not poison's power to kill,
Untill, by tasting it, himself was slain.

Ev'n so, by tasting of that fruit forbid,
Where they sought knowledge, they did error find;
Ill they desir'd to know, and ill they did;
And to give passion eyes, made reason blind.

For then their minds did first in passion see
Those wretched shapes of misery and woe,
Of nakedness, of shame, of poverty,
Which then their own experience made 'em know,

But then grew reason dark, that she no more
Could the fair forms of good and truth discern;
Batts they became, who eagles were before,
And this they got by their desire to learn.

But we, their wretched offspring, what do we?
Do not we still taste of the fruit forbid,
While with fond fruitless curiosity,
In books profane we seek for knowledge hid?

What is this knowledge, but the sky stoln fire,
For which the thief still chain'd in ice doth sit;
And which the poor rude satyr did admire,
And needs would kiss, but burnt his lips with it?

INTRODUCTION.

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What is it, but the cloud of empty rain,
 Which when Jove's guest embrac'd, he monsters got?
 Or the false pails, which oft being fill'd with pain,
 Receiv'd the water, but retain'd it not?

In fine, what is it but the fiery coach, [all?
 Which the youth fought, and fought his death with-
 Or the boy's wings, which when he did approach
 The sun's hot beams, did melt and let him fall?

And yet, alas! when all our lamps are burn'd,
 Our bodies wasted and our spirits spent;
 When we have all the learned volumes turn'd,
 Which yield men's wits both help and ornament;

What can we know or what can we discern,
 When error clouds the windows of the mind?
 The divers forms of things how can we learn,
 That have been ever from our birth-day blind?

When reason's lamp, which, like the sun in sky,
 Thro'out man's little world her beams did spread,
 Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
 Under the ashes, half extinct and dead;

How can we hope that thro' the eye and ear,
 This dying sparkle, in this cloudy place,
 Can recollect those beams of knowledge clear,
 Which were infus'd in the first minds by grace?

So might the heir, whose father bath in play
 Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
 By painful earning of one groat a day,
 Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

The wits that div'd most deep, and soar'd most high,
 Seeking man's powers, have found his weakness
 Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly; [such:
 We learn so little, and forget so much.

For this the wisest of all moral men
 Said, he knew nought, but that he nought did know.
 And the great mocking master mock'd not then,
 When he said, truth was bury'd here below.

For how may we to other things attain,
 When none of us his own soul understands?
 For which the devil mocks our curious brain,
 When know thyself, his oracle commands.

For why should we the busy soul believe,
 When boldly she concludes of that and this;
 When of herself she can no judgment give,
 Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is?

All things without, which round about we see,
 We seek to know, and have therewith to do:
 But that whereby we reason, live and be,
 Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

INTRODUCTION.

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We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause o'th' ebbs and floods of Nile;
But of that clock which in our breasts we bear,
The subtile motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with ev'ry Zone,
And pass the Tropics, and behold each Pole;
When we come home, are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own soul.

We study speech, but others we persuade;
We Leech-craft learn, but others cure with it:
W' interpret laws which other men have made,
But read not those which in our hearts are writ.

Is it because the mind is like the eye,
Thro' which it gathers knowledge by degrees;
Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly;
Not seeing itself, when other things it sees?

No, doubtless; for the mind can backward cast
Upon herself, her understanding light;
But she is so corrupt, and so defac'd,
As her own image doth herself afright.

As is the fable of the lady fair,
Which for her lust was turn'd into a cow;
When thirsty, to a stream she did repair,
And saw herself transform'd she wist not how:

At first she startles, then she stands amaz'd;
At last with terror she from hence doth fly,
And loaths the wat'ry glass wherein she gaz'd,
And shuns it still, altho' for thirst she die.

Ev'n so man's soul, which did God's image bear,
And was at first fair, good, and spotless pure;
Since with her sins, her beauties blotted were,
Doth of all sights her own sight least endure:

For ev'n at first reflection she espies
Such strange chimera's, and such monsters there;
Such toys, such anticks, and such vanities,
As she retires and shrinks for shame and fear.

And as the man loves least at home to be,
That hath a sluttish house, haunted with sprits;
So she, impatient her own faults to see,
Turns from herself, and in strange things delights.

For this, few know themselves: for merchants broke,
View their estate with discontent and pain;
And seas as troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find,
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport, and carry out the mind,
That with herself, the mind can never meet.

INTRODUCTION.

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Yet if affliction once her wars begin,
 And threat the feebler sense with sword and fire,
 The mind contracts herself and shrinketh in,
 And to herself she gladely doth retire;

As spiders touch'd, seek their webs inmost part;
 As bees in storms back to their hives return;
 As blood in danger gathers to the heart;
 As men seek towns, when foes the country burn.

If ought can teach us ought, affliction's looks,
 Making us pry into ourselves so near,
 Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
 Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately pluck'd me by the ear,
 And many a golden lesson hath me taught;
 Hath made my senses quick, and reason clear,
 Reform'd my will, and rectify'd my thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air;
 So working seas settle and purge the wine;
 So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair;
 So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither Minerva, nor the learned muse,
 Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,
 Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,
 As but the glance of this dame's angry eyes.

She within lifts my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I will not go ;
Myself am centre of my circling thought,
Only myself I study, learn and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within can kill :
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will :

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all :
I know I'm one of nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span ;
I know my sense is mock'd in ev'ry thing :
And, to conclude, I know myself a man,
Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing.

(II)

OF THE
ORIGINAL, NATURE
AND
IMMORTALITY
OF THE
SOUL.

THE lights of heav'n, which are the world's fair eyes,
Look down into the world, the world to see ;
And as they turn, or wander in the skies,
Survey all things that on the centre be.

And yet the lights which in my tower do shine,
Mine eyes, which view all objects nigh and far,
Look not into this little world of mine,
Nor see my face wherein they fixed are.

Since nature fails us in no needful thing,
Why want I means my inward self to see ?
Which fight the knowledge of myself might bring,
Which to true wisdom is the first degree.

That pow'r which gave me eyes the world to view,
To view myself infus'd an inward light,
Whereby my soul, as by a mirror true,
Of her own form may take a perfect sight.

But as the sharpest eye discerneth nought,
Except the sun-beams in the air do shine;
So the best soul, with her reflecting thought,
Sees not herself, without some light divine.

O light, which mak'st the light, which makes the day!
Which sett'st the eye without, and mind within;
Lighten my spirit with one clear heavenly ray,
Which now to view itself doth first begin.

For her true form, how can my spark discern,
Which, dim by nature, art did never clear;
When the great wits, from whom all skill we learn,
Are ignorant both what she is, and where?

One thinks the soul is air; another, fire;
Another, blood diffus'd about the heart;
Another faith, the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth give a part.

Musicians think our souls are harmonies;
Physicians hold, that they complexions be;
Epicures make them swarms of Atomies,
which do by chance into our bodies flee.

Some think one gen'ral soul fills ev'ry brain,
As the bright sun sheds light in ev'ry star;
And others think the name of soul is vain,
And that we only well mix'd bodies are.

In judgment of her substance thus they vary,
And vary thus in judgment of her seat;
For some her chair up to the brain do carry,
Some sink it down into the stomach's heat.

Some place it in the root of life, the heart;
Some in the liver, fountain of the veins:
Some say, she's all in all, and all in ev'ry part:
Some say, she's not contain'd, but all contains.

Thus these great clerks their little wisdom show,
While with their doctrines they at hazard play;
Tossing their light opinions to and fro,
To mock the lewd, as learn'd in this as they.

For no craz'd brain could ever yet propound,
Touching the soul, so vain and fond a thought;
But some among these masters have been found, [taught.
Which in their schools the self-same thing have

God only wise, to punish pride of wit,
Among mens wits bath this confusion wrought;
As the proud tow'r, whose points the clouds did hit,
By tongues confusion was to ruin brought.

But, Thou, which didst man's soul of nothing make,
And when to nothing it was fall'n again,
' To make it new, the form of man didst take;
' And God with God, becam'ft a man with men.

Thou that has fashion'd twice this soul of ours,
So that she is by double title thine,
Thou only know'ft her nature, and her pow'rs;
Her subtile form, thou only canst define.

To judge herself, she must herself transcend,
As greater circles comprehend the less;
But she wants pow'r, her own powers to extend,
As fetter'd men cannot their strength exprefs.

But thou bright morning star, thou rising sun,
Which in these latter times has brought to light
Those mysteries, that since the world begun,
Lay hid in darkness and eternal night.

Thou, like the sun, dost, with an equal ray,
Into the palace and the cottage shine;
And shew'ft the soul both to the clerk and lay,
By the clear lamp of th' oracle divine.

This lamp, thro' all the regions of my brain,
Where my soul sits, doth spread such beams of
As now, methinks, I do distinguish plain, [grace,
Each subtile line of her immortal face.

The soul a substance and a spirit is,
 Which God himself doth in the body make,
 Which makes the man, for every man from this,
 The nature of a man, and name doth take.

And tho' this spirit be to the body knit,
 As an apt means her powers to exercise,
 Which are life, motion, sense, and will, and wit;
 Yet she survives, although the body dies.

S E C T. I.

THAT THE SOUL IS A THING SUBSISTING BY ITSELF,
 AND HAS PROPER OPERATIONS WITHOUT THE
 BODY.

SHE is a substance, and a real thing;
 1. Which hath itself an actual, working might;
 2. Which neither from the senses power doth spring,
 3. Nor from the body's humours temper'd right.

She is a vine which doth no proping need,
 To make her spread herself or spring upright.
 She is a Star, whose beams do not proceed
 From any sun, but from a native light.

For when she sorts things present with things past,
 And thereby things to come doth oft foresee;
 When she doth doubt at first, and chuse at last,
 These acts her own, without her body be.

When of the dew, which th' eye and ear do take
From flow'rs abroad, and bring into the brain,
She doth within both wax and honey make :
This work is her's, this is her proper pain.

When she from sundry acts, one skill doth draw ;
Gath'ring from divers fights, one art of war ;
From many cafes like, one rule of law :
These her collections, not the senses are.

When in th' effects she doth the causes know ; (rise ;
And seeing the stream, thinks where the spring doth
And seeing the branch, conceives the root below :
These things she views, without the body's eyes.

When she without a Pegasus, doth fly
Swifter than lightning's fire, from east to west ;
About the centre, and above the sky,
She travels then, altho' the body rest.

When all her works she formeth first within,
Proportions them and sees their perfect end,
E'er she in act doth any part begin :
What instruments doth then the body lend ?

When without hands she doth thus castles build,
Sees without eyes, and without feet doth run ;
When she digests the world, yet is not fill'd :
By her own pow'rs these miracles are done.

When she defines, argues, divides, compounds,
Considers vertue, vice, and general things;
And marrying divers principles and grounds,
Out of their match, a true conclusion brings.

These actions in her closet, all alone,
(Retir'd within her self) she doth fulfill;
Use of her body's organs she hath none,
When she doth use the pow'rs of wit and will.

Yet in the body's prison so she lies,
As thro' the body's windows she must look,
Her divers powers of sense to exercise,
By gath'ring notes out of the world's great book.

Nor can herself discourse or judge of ought,
But what the sense collects, and home doth bring;
And yet the powers of her discoursing thought,
From these collections is a diverse thing.

For tho' our eyes can nought but colours see,
Yet colours give them not their pow'r of sight;
So, tho' these fruits of sense her objects be,
Yet she discerns them by her proper light.

The workman on his stuff his skill doth show,
And yet the stuff gives not the man his skill:
Kings their affairs do by their servants know,
But order them by their own royal will,

So, tho' this cunning mistress, and this queen,
Doth, as her instruments, the senses use,
To know all things that are felt, heard, or seen;
Yet she her self doth only judge and chuse.

Ev'n as a prudent emperor, that reigns
By sovereign title, over fundry lands,
Borrows, in mean affairs, his subjects pains,
Sees by their eyes, and writeth by their hands;

But things of weight and consequence indeed,
Himself doth in his chamber them debate;
Where all his counsellors he doth exceed,
As far in judgement, as he doth in State.

Or as the man whom princes do advance,
Upon their gracious mercy-seat to sit,
Doth common things, of course and circumstance,
To the reports of common men commit:

But when the cause itself must be decreed,
Himself in person, in his proper court,
To grave and solemn hearing doth proceed,
Of ev'ry proof, and ev'ry by-report.

Then, like God's angel, he pronounceth right,
And milk and honey from his tongue doth flow:
Happy are they that still are in his sight,
To reap the wisdom which his lips do sow.

Right so the soul, which is a lady free,
And doth the justice of her state maintain :
Because the senses ready servants be,
Attending nigh about her court, the brain ;

By them the forms of outward things she learns,
For they return into the fantasie,
Whatever each of them abroad discerns ;
And there inrol it for the mind to see.

But when she sits to judge the good and ill,
And to discern betwixt the false and true,
She is not guided by the senses skill,
But doth each thing in her own mirror view.

Then she the senses checks, which oft do err,
And ev'n against their false reports decrees ;
And oft she doth condemn what they prefer ;
For with a power above the sense, she sees.

Therefore no sense the precious joys conceives,
Which in her private contemplations be ;
For then the ravish'd spirit th' senses leaves,
Hath her own pow'rs, and proper actions free.

Her harmonies are sweet, and full of skill,
When on the body's instruments she plays ;
But the proportions of the wit and will,
Those sweet accords are even th' Angels lays.

These tunes of reason are Amphion's lyre,
 Wherewith he did the Thebane city found:
 These are the notes wherewith the heavenly choir,
 The praise of him which made the heav'n, doth
 [found.

Then her self-being nature shines in this,
 That she performs her noblest works alone:
 ' The work, the touch-stone of the nature is;
 ' And by their operations, things are known.

S E C T. II.

THAT THE SOUL IS MORE THAN A PERFECTION, OR
 REFLECTION OF THE SENSE.

ARE they not senseless then, that think the Soul
 Nought but a fine perfection of the sense,
 Or of the forms which fancy doth inroll;
 A quick resulting, and a consequence?

What is it then that doth the sense accuse,
 Both of false judgement, and fond appetites?
 What makes us do what sense doth most refuse,
 Which oft in torment of the sense delights?

Sense thinks the planets Spheres not much asunder;
 What tells us then their distance is so far?
 Sense thinks the Lightning born before the thunder;
 What tells us then they both together are?

When men seem crows far off upon a tow'r, [them men?

Sense faith, they're crows: what makes us think
When we, in agues, think all sweet things sower,

What makes us know our tongue's false judgement
[then?

What pow'r was that, whereby Medea saw,
And well approv'd, and prais'd the better course,
When her rebellious sense did so withdraw
Her feeble pow'r's, that she pursu'd the worse?

Did sense persuade Ulysses not to hear
The mermaids songs, which so his men did please,
That they were all perswaded, thro' the ear,
To quit the ship, and leap into the seas?

Could any pow'r of sense the Roman move,
To burn his own right hand with courage stout?
Could sense make Marius fit unbound, and prove
The cruel lancing of the knotty gout?

Doubtless in man there is a nature found,
Beside the senses, and above them far;
' Tho' most men being in sensual pleasures drown'd,
' It seems their souls but in their senses are.

If we had nought but sense, then only they [sound;
Should have found minds, which have their senses
But wisdom grows, when senses do decay,
And folly most in quickest sense is found.

If we had nought but sense, each living wight,
Which we call brute, would be more sharp than we,
As having sense's apprehensive might,
In a more clear and excellent degree.

But they do want that quick discoursing pow'r,
Which doth in us the erring sense correct;
Therefore the bee did suck the painted flow'r,
And birds, of grapes the cunning shadow peck'd.

Sense outfides knows, the soul thro' all things sees:
Sense, circumstance; she doth the substance view:
Sense sees the bark; but she the life of trees:
Sense hears the sounds; but she the concords true.

But why do I the soul and sense divide,
When sense is but a pow'r, which she extends;
Which being in divers parts diversify'd,
The divers forms of objects apprehends?

This power spreads outward, but the root doth grow
In th' inward soul, which only doth perceive;
For th' eyes and ears no more their objects know,
Than glasses know what faces they receive.

For if we chance to fix our thoughts elsewhere,
Tho' our eyes open be, we cannot see;
And if one pow'r did not both see and hear,
Our sights and sounds would always double be.

Then is the soul a nature, which contains
The pow'r of sense, within a greater pow'r;
Which doth employ and use the sense's pains,
But sits and rules within her private bow'r.

S E C T. III.

THAT THE SOUL IS MORE THAN THE TEMPERATURE
OF THE HUMOURS OF THE BODY

IF she doth then the subtile sense excell,
How gross are they that drown her in the blood?
Or in the body's humours temper'd well;
As if in them such high perfection stood?

As if most skill in that musician were,
which had the best, and best tun'd instrument?
As if the pencil neat, and colours clear,
Had pow'r to make the painter excellent?

Why doth not beauty then refine the wit,
And good complexion rectify the will?
Why doth not health bring wisdom still with it?
Why doth not sickness make men brutish still?

Who can in memory, or wit, or will,
Or air, or fire, or earth, or water find?
What Alchymist can draw, with all his skill,
The quintessence of these out of the mind?

If th' elements, which have nor life nor sense,
Can breed in us so great a pow'r as this,
Why give they not themselves like excellence,
Or other things wherein their mixture is?

If she were but the body's quality,
Then would she be with it sick, maim'd and blind;
But we perceive, where these privations be,
An healthy, perfect and sharp-sighted mind.

If she the body's nature did partake,
Her strength would with the body's strength decay;
But when the body's strongest sinews slack,
Then is the soul most active, quick and gay.

If she were but the body's accident,
And her sole being did in it subsist,
As white in snow, she might herself absent,
And in the Body's Substance not be mis'd.

But it on her, not she on it depends;
For she the body doth sustain and cherish;
Such secret pow'rs of life to it she lends,
That when they fail, then doth the body perish.

Since then the soul works by herself alone,
Springs not from sense, nor humours well agreeing;
Her nature is peculiar and her own;
She is a substance, and a perfect being.

S E C T. IV.

THAT THE SOUL IS A SPIRIT.

BUT tho' this substance be the root of sense,
Sense knows her not, which doth but bodies know:
She is a spirit, and heav'nly influence,
Which from the fountain of God's spirit doth flow.

She is a spirit, yet not like air, or wynd;
Nor like the spirits about the heart, or brain;
Nor like those spirits which alchymists do find,
When they in ev'ry thing seek gold in vain.

For she all natures under heav'n doth pass, [do see;
Being like those spirits, which God's bright face
Or like himself, whose image once she was,
Tho' now, alas! she scarce his shadow be.

For of all forms, she holds the first degree,
That are to gross, material bodies knit;
Yet she her self is bodyless, and free;
And tho' confin'd, is almost infinite.

Were she a body, how could she remain
Within this body, which is less than she?
Or how could she the world's great shape contain,
and in our narrow breasts contained be?

All bodies are confin'd within some place,
But she all place within her self confines.
All bodies have their measure, and their space;
but who can draw the soul's dimensive lines?

No body can at once two forms admit,
Except the one the other do deface;
But in the soul ten thousand forms do sit,
And none intrudes into her neighbour's place.

All bodies are with other bodies fill'd,
But she receives both heav'n and earth together;
Nor are their forms by rash encounter spill'd,
For there they stand, and neither toucheth either.

Nor can her wide embracements filled be;
For they that most and greatest things embrace,
Enlarge thereby their mind's capacity,
As streams enlarg'd, enlarge the channel's space.

All things receiv'd, do such proportion take,
As those things have, wherein they are receiv'd:
So little glasses little faces make,
And narrow webs on narrow frames are weav'd.

Then what vast body must we make the mind, [lands;
Wherein are men, beasts, trees, towns, seas and
And yet each thing a proper place doth find,
And each thing in the true proportion stands?

Doubtless this could not be, but that she turns
bodies to spirits, by sublimation strange;
As fire converts to fire the things it burns;
As we our meats into our nature change.

From their gross matter she abstracts the forms,
And draws a kind of quintessence from things;
Which to her proper nature she transforms,
To bear them light on her coelestial wings.

This doth she, when from things particular
She doth abstract the universal kinds,
Which bodiless and immaterial are,
And can be only lodg'd within our minds.

And thus from divers accidents and acts,
Which do within her observation fall,
She goddesses and pow'rs divine abstracts;
As nature, fortune, and the vertues all.

Again; how can she sev'ral bodies know,
If in her self a body's form she bear?
How can a mirror sundry faces show,
If from all shapes and forms it be not clear?

Nor could we by our eyes all colours learn,
Except our eyes were of all colours void;
Nor sundry tastes can any tongue discern,
Which is with gross and bitter humours cloy'd.

Nor can a man of passions judge aright,
Except his mind be from all passions free:
Nor can a judge his office well acquit,
If he possess'd of either party be.

If, lastly, this quick pow'r a body were,
Were it as swift as is the wind, or fire,
Whose atoms do the one down side-ways bear,
And th' other make in pyramids aspire.

Her nimble body yet in time must move,
And not in instants thro' all places slide:
But she is nigh and far, beneath, above,
In point of time, which thought cannot divide:

She's sent as soon to China as to Spain;
And thence return, as soon as she is sent:
She measures with one time, and with one pain,
An ell of silk, and heav'n's wide spreading tent.

As then the soul a substance hath alone,
Besides the body, in which she is confin'd;
So hath she not a body of her own,
But is a spirit and immaterial mind.

Since body and soul have such diversities,
Well might we muse, how first their match began;
But that we learn, that he that spread the skies,
And fix'd the earth, first form'd the soul in man.

This true Prometheus first made man of earth,
 And shed in him a beam of heav'nly fire;
 Now in their mothers wombs, before their birth,
 Doth in all sons of men their souls inspire.

And as Minerva is in fables said,
 From Jove, without a mother, to proceed;
 So our true Jove, without a mother's aid,
 Doth daily millions of Minerva's breed.

S E C T. V.

ERRONEOUS OPINIONS OF THE CREATION OF SOULS.

THEN neither from eternity before, [begun,
 Nor from the time, when time's first point
 Made he all souls, which now he keeps in store;
 Some in the moon, and others in the sun;

Nor in a secret cloyster doth he keep
 These virgin-spirits until their marriage-day;
 Nor locks them up in chambers, where they sleep,
 Till they awake within these beds of clay.

Nor did he first a certain number make,
 Infusing part in beasts, and part in men;
 And, as unwilling further pains to take,
 Would make no more than those he framed then.

So that the widow-soul, her body dying,
Unto the next-born body married was;
And so by often changing, and supplying,
Mens souls to beasts, and beasts to men did pass.

These thoughts are fond; for since the bodies born
Be more in number far, than those that die,
Thousands must be abortive and forlorn,
E'er others deaths to them their souls supply:

But as God's handmaid, nature, doth create
Bodies in time distinct, and order due;
So God gives souls the like successive date,
Which himself makes, in bodies formed new,

Which himself makes of no material thing;
For unto angels he no pow'r hath giv'n,
Either to form the shape, or stuff to bring
From air, or fire, or substance of the heaven.

Nor herein doth he nature's service use;
For tho' from bodies, she can bodies bring,
Yet could she never souls from souls traduce,
As fire from fire, or light from light doth spring.

S E C T. VI.

THAT THE SOUL IS NOT EX TRADUCE.

A Las! that some who were great lights of old,
And in their hands the lamp of God did bear!
Some rev'rend fathers did this error hold,
Having their eyes dimm'd with religious fear.

Objection.

For when, say they, by rule of faith we find,
That ev'ry soul, unto her body knit,
Brings from the mother's womb the sin of kind,
The root of all the ill she doth commit.

How can we say that God the soul doth make,
But we must make him author of her sin?
Then from man's soul she doth beginning take,
Since in man's soul corruption did begin.

For if God make her first, he makes her ill,
Which God forbid our thoughts should yield unto,
Or makes the body her fair form to spill,
Which of it self it had not pow'r to do.

Not Adam's body, but his soul did sin,
And so her self unto corruption brought;
But our poor soul corrupted is within,
E'er she had sinn'd, either in act or thought:

And yet we see in her such pow'rs divine,
As we could gladly think, from God she came;
Fain would we make him author of the wine,
If for the dregs we could some other blame.

Answer.

Thus these good men with holy zeal were blind,
When on the other part the truth did shine;
Whereof we do clear demonstrations find,
By light of nature, and by light divine.

None are so gross, as to contend for this,
That souls from bodies may traduced be;
Between whose natures no proportion is,
When root and branch in nature still agree.

But many subtle wits have justify'd,
That souls from souls spiritually may spring;
Which, if the nature of the soul be try'd,
Will ey'n in nature prove as gross a thing.

S E C T. VII.

REASONS DRAWN FROM NATURE.

FOR all things made are either made of nought,
Or made of stuff that ready made doth stand;
Of nought no creature ever formed ought,
For that is proper to th' Almighty's hand.

If then the soul another soul do make,
Because her pow'r is kept within a bound,
She must some former stuff, or matter take:
But in the soul there is no matter found.

Then if her heav'nly form do not agree
With any matter which the world contains,
Then she of nothing must created be;
And to create, to God alone pertains.

Again, if souls do other souls beget,
'Tis by themselves, or by the body's pow'r:
If by themselves, what doth their working let,
But they might souls engender ev'ry hour?

If by the body, how can wit and will
Join with the body only in this act,
Since when they do their other works fulfil,
They from the body do themselves abstract?

Again, if souls of souls begotten were,
 Into each other they should change and move:
And change and motion still corruption bear;
 How shall we then the soul immortal prove?

If, lastly, souls do generation use,
 Then should they spread incorruptible seed:
What then becomes of that which they do lose,
 When th' acts of generation do not speed?

And tho' the soul could cast spiritual seed,
 Yet would she not, because she never dies;
For mortal things desire their like to breed,
 That so they may their kind immortalize.

Therefore the Angels, sons of God are nam'd,
 And marry not, nor are in marriage giv'n:
Their spirits and ours are of one substance fram'd,
 And have one father, ev'n the Lord of heaven;

Who would at first, that in each other thing,
 The earth and water living souls should breed,
But that man's soul, whom he would make their king,
 Should from himself immediately proceed.

And when he took the woman from man's side,
 Doubtless himself inspir'd her soul alone;
For 'tis not said, he did man's soul divide,
 But took flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone.

Lastly, God being made man, for man's own sake,
And being like man in all, except in sin,
His body from the Virgin's womb did take;
But all agree, God form'd his soul within.

Then is the soul from God; so Pagans say,
Which saw by nature's light her heav'nly kind;
Naming her kin to God, and God's bright ray,
A citizen of heav'n to earth confin'd.

But now I feel, they pluck me by the ear,
Whom my young muse so boldly termed blind;
And crave more heav'nly light, that cloud to clear;
Which makes them think, God doth not make the
[mind.

S E C T. VIII.

REASONS FROM DIVINITY.

G[good,OD doubtless makes her, and doth make her
 And grafts her in the body, there to spring;
 Which, tho' it be corrupted flesh and blood,
 Can no way to the soul corruption bring:

Yet is not God the author of her ill,
 Tho' author of her being, and being there:
 And if we dare to judge our Maker's will,
 He can condemn us, and himself can clear.

First, God from infinite eternity
 Decreed, what hath been, is, or shall be done;
 And was resolv'd, that ev'ry man should be,
 And in his turn, his race of life should run:

And so did purpose all the souls to make,
 That ever have been made, or ever shall;
 And that their being they should only take
 In human bodies, or not be at all.

Was it then fit that such a weak event,
 Weakness it self, the sin and fall of man,
 His counsel's execution should prevent,
 Decreed and fix'd before the world began?

Or that one penal law by Adam broke,
Should make God break his own eternal law;
The settled order of the world revoke,
And change all forms of things which he foresaw?

Could Eve's weak hand, extended to the tree,
In funder rend that adamant chain,
Whose golden links, effects and causes be;
And which to God's own chair doth fix'd remain?

O, could we see how cause from cause doth spring!
How mutually they link'd, and folded are!
And here how oft one disagreeing string
The harmony doth rather make than mar!

And view at once, how death by sin is brought;
And how from death, a better life doth rise!
How this God's justice and his mercy taught!
We this decree would praise, as right and wise.

But we that measure times by first and last,
The sight of things successively do take,
When God on all at once his view doth cast,
And of all times doth but one instant make.

All in himself, as in a glass, he sees;
For from him, by him, thro' him, all things be:
His sight is not discursive, by degrees;
But seeing the whole, each single part doth see.

He looks on Adam, as a root, or well;
And on his heirs, as branches, and as streams:
He sees all men, as one man, tho' they dwell
In sundry cities, and in sundry realms.

And as the root and branch are but one tree,
And well and stream do but one river make;
So, if the root and well corrupted be,
The stream and branch the same corruption take.

So, when the root and fountain of Mankind
Did draw corruption, and God's curse, by sin;
This was a charge, that all his heirs did bind,
And all his off-spring grew corrupt therein.

And as when th' hand doth strike, the man offends,
For part from whole, law severs not in this,
So Adam's sin to the whole kind extends:
For all their natures are but part of his.

Therefore the sin of kind, not personal,
But real and hereditary was;
The guilt thereof, and punishment to all,
By course of nature, and of law doth pass.

For as that easy law was giv'n to all,
To ancestor and heir, to first and last;
So was the first transgression general;
And all did pluck the fruit, and all did taste,

Of this we find some foot-steps in our law,
Which doth her root from God and nature take;
Ten thousand men she doth together draw,
And of them all, one corporation make :

Yet these, and their successors, are but one;
And if they gain, or lose their liberties,
They harm, or profit not themselves alone,
But such as in succeeding times shall rise.

And so the ancestor, and all his heirs,
Tho' they in number pass the stars of heaven,
Are still but one; his forfeitures are theirs,
And unto them are his advancements giv'n.

His civil acts do bind and bar them all;
And as from Adam, all corruption take,
So, if the Father's crime be capital,
In all the blood, law doth corruption make.

Is it then just with us, to disinherit
Th' unborn nephews, for the father's fault;
And to advance again, for one man's merit,
A thousand heirs, that have deserved nought?

And is not God's decree as just as ours,
If he, for Adam's sin, his sons deprive
Of all those native virtues, and those pow'rs,
Which he to him, and to his race did give?

For, what is this contagious sin of kind,
But a privation of that grace within,
And of that great rich dowry of the mind,
Which all had had, but for the first man's sin?

If then a man, on light conditions, gain
A great estate, to him, and his, for ever;
If willfully he forfeit it again,
Who doth bemoan his heir, or blame the giver?

So, tho' God make the soul good, rich and fair,
Yet when her form is to the body knit,
Which makes the man, 'which man is Adam's heir,
Justly forthwith he takes his grace from it:

And then the soul, being first from nothing brought,
When God's grace fails her, doth to nothing fall;
And this declining proneness into nought,
Is ev'n that sin that we are born withal.

Yet not alone the first good qualities,
Which in the first soul were, deprived are;
But in their place the contrary do rise,
And real spots of sin her beauty mar.

Nor is it strange, that Adam's ill desert
Should be transferr'd unto his guilty race,
When Christ his grace and justice doth impart
To men unjust, and such as have no grace.

Lastly, the soul were better so to be
Born slave to sin, than not to be at all;
Since, if she do believe, one sets her free,
That makes her mount the higher for her fall.

Yet this the curious wits will not content;
They yet will know, since God foresaw this ill,
Why his high providence did not prevent
The declination of the first man's will.

If by his word he had the current stay'd
Of Adam's will, which was by nature free,
It had been one, as if his word had said,
I will henceforth, that man no man shall be.

For what is man without a moving mind,
Which hath a judging wit, and chusing will?
Now, if God's pow'r should her election bind,
Her motions then would cease, and stand all still.

And why did God in man this soul infuse,
But that he should his maker know and love?
Now if love be compell'd, and cannot chuse,
How can it grateful, or thank-worthy prove?

Love must free-hearted be, and voluntary;
And not enchanted, or by fate constrain'd:
Nor like that love, which did Ulysses carry
To Circe's isle, with mighty charms enchain'd.

Besides, were we unchangeable in will,
And of a wit that nothing could mis-deem;
Equal to God, whose wisdom shineth still,
And never errs we might ourselves esteem.

So that if man would be unvariable,
He must be God, or like a rock or tree;
For ev'n the perfect angels were not stable,
But had a fall more desperate than we.

Then let us praise that pow'r, which makes us be
Men as we are, and rest contented so;
And knowing man's fall was curiosity,
Admire God's counsels, which we cannot know.

And let us know that God the maker is
Of all the souls, in all the men that be;
Yet their corruption is no fault of his,
But the first man's, that broke God's first decree.

S E C T. IX.

WHY THE SOUL IS UNITED TO THE BODY.

[making,

THIS substance, and this spirit of God's own
 Is in the body plac'd, and planted here,
 That both of God and of the world partaking,
 Of all that is, man might the image bear.

God first made angels bodiless, pure minds;
 Then other things, which mindless bodies be;
 Last, he made man, th' horizon 'twixt both kinds,
 In whom we do the world's abridgment see.

Besides, this world below did need one wight,
 Which might thereof distinguish ev'ry part;
 Make use thereof, and take therein delight;
 And order things with industry and art:

Which also God might in his works admire,
 And here beneath yield him both prayer and praise;
 As there, above, the holy angels choir
 Doth spread his glory forth with spiritual lays.

Lastly, the brute, unreasonable wights,
 Did want a visible king, o'er them to reign:
 And God himself thus to the world unites,
 That so the world might endless bliss obtain,

S E C T. X.

IN WHAT MANNER THE SOUL IS UNITED TO
THE BODY.

BUT how shall we this union well express?
Nought ties the soul, her subtilty is such;
She moves the body, which she doth possess,
Yet no part toucheth, but by vertue's touch,

Then dwells she not therein as in a tent,
Not as a pilot in his ship doth sit,
Nor as the spider in his web is pent,
Nor as the wax retains the print in it,

Nor as a vessel water doth contain,
Nor as one liquor in another shed,
Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain,
Nor as a voice thro'out the air is spread;

But as the fair and chearful morning light
Doth here and there her silver-beams impart,
And in an instant doth herself unite
To the transparent air, in all, and ev'ry part;

Still resting whole, when blows the air divide;
Abiding pure, when th' air is most corrupted;
Throughout th' air, her beams dispersing wide;
And when the air is tofs'd, nor interrupted;

So doth the piercing soul the body fill,
Being all in all, and all in part diffus'd;
Indivisible, incorruptible still;
Not forc'd, encounter'd, troubled, or confus'd.

And as the sun above the light doth bring,
Tho' we behold it in the air below;
So from th' eternal light the soul doth spring,
Tho' in the body she her pow'rs do show.

S E C T. XI.

HOW THE SOUL EXERCISES THE POWERS IN
THE BODY.

BUT as the world's sun doth effects beget
Diff'rent, in divers places ev'ry day;
Here autumn's temp'rature, there summer's heat;
Her flow'ry spring-tide, and there winter-gray:
[night,
Here ev'n, there morn; here noon, there day, there
Melts wax, dries clay, makes flowers, some quick,
Makes the moor black, the European white; [some dead;
Th' American tawny, and th' East-indian red;

So in our little world, this soul of ours
Being only one, and to one body ty'd,
Doth use, in divers objects, divers powers;
And so are her effects diversify'd.

S E C T. XII.

THE VEGETATIVE POWER OF THE SOUL.

HER quick'ning pow'r in ev'ry living part,
Doth as a nurse or as a mother serve,
And doth employ her oeconomic art,
And busy care, her household to preserve.

Here she attracts, and there she doth retain ;
There she decocts, and doth the food prepare;
There she distributes it to ev'ry vein,
There she expels what she may fitly spare.

This pow'r to Martha may compared be,
Who busy was the household things to do ;
Or to a Dryas, living in a tree ;
For ev'n to trees this pow'r is proper too.

And tho' the soul may not this pow'r extend
Out of the body, but still use it there ;
She hath a pow'r which she abroad doth send,
Which views and searcheth all things ev'ry where.

S E C T. XIII.

THE POWER OF SENSE.

THis pow'r is sense, which from abroad doth bring
The colour, taste, and touch, and scent, and sound,
The quantity and shape of ev'ry thing
Within earth's centre, or heav'n's circle found.

This pow'r in parts made fit, fit objects takes;
Yet not the things, but forms of things receives;
As when a seal in wax impression makes,
The print therein, but not itself it leaves.

And tho' things sensible be numberless,
But only five the sense's organs be;
And in those five, all things their forms express,
Which we can touch, taste, feel, or hear, or see.

These are the windows, thro' the which she views
The light of knowledge, which is life's load-star:
And yet while she these spectacles doth use,
Oft worldly things seem greater than they are.

S E C T. XIV.

SEEING.

First, the two eyes, which have the Seeing pow'r;
 Stand as one watchman, spy or sentinel,
 Being plac'd aloft, within the head's high tow'r;
 And tho' both see, yet both but one thing tell.

These mirrors take into their little space,
 The forms of moon and sun, and ev'ry star,
 Of ev'ry body, and of ev'ry place,
 Which with the world's wide arms embraced are:

Yet their best object, and their noblest use,
 Hereafter in another world will be,
 When God in them shall heav'nly light infuse,
 That face to face they may their maker see.

Here are they guides, which do the body lead,
 Which else wou'd stumble in eternal night:
 Here in this world they do much knowledge read,
 And are the casements which admit most light:

They are her farthest reaching instrument,
 Yet they no beams unto their object send;
 But all the rays are from their objects sent,
 And in the eyes with pointed angles end.

If th' objects be far off, the rays do meet
In a sharp point, and so things seem but small;
If they be near, their rays do spread and fleet,
And make broad points, that things seem great
[withal.

Lastly, nine things to sight required are;
The pow'r to see, the light, the visible thing,
Being not too small, too thin, too nigh, too far,
Clear space and time, the form distinct to bring.

Thus see we how the soul doth use the eyes,
As instruments of her quick pow'r of sight;
Hence doth th' arts optic, and fair painting rise;
Painting, which doth all gentle minds delight.

S E C T. XV.

HEARING.

NOW let us hear how the ears employ:
Their office is, the troubled air to take;
Which in their mazes forms a sound or noise,
Whereof herself doth true distinction make.

These wickets of the soul are plac'd on high,
Because all sounds do lightly mount aloft;
And that they may not pierce too violently,
They are delay'd with turns and windings oft.

For should the voice directly strike the brain,
It would astonish and confuse it much;
Therefore these plaits and folds the sound restrain,
That it the organ may more gently touch.

As streams which with their winding banks do play,
Stopp'd by their creeks, run softly thro' the plain:
So in th' ear's Labyrinth the voice doth stray,
And doth with easy motion touch the brain.

This is the slowest yet the daintiest sense;
For ev'n the ears of such as have no skill,
Perceive a discord, and conceive offence;
And knowing not what's good, yet, find the ill.

And tho' this sense first gentle musick found,
Her proper object is the speech of men ;
But that speech chiefly which God's heralds found,
When their tongues utter what his spirit did pen.

Our eyes have lids, our eyes still ope we see,
Quickly to hear how ev'ry tale is prov'd :
Our eyes still move, our ears unmoved be ;
That tho' we hear quick, we be not quickly mov'd.

Thus by the organs of the eye and ear,
The soul with knowledge doth herself endue :
Thus she her prison may with pleasure bear,
Having such prospects, all the world to view.

These conduit-pipes of knowledge feed the mind,
But th' other three attend the body still ;
For by their services the soul doth find,
What things are to the body good or ill.

S E C T. XVI.

TASTE.

THE body's life with meats and air is fed,
 Therefore the soul doth use the tasting pow'r
 In veins, which thro' the tongue and palate spread,
 Distinguish ev'ry relish, sweet, and sow'r.

This is the body's nurse; but since man's wit
 Found th' art of cook'ry to delight his sense,
 More bodies are consum'd and kill'd with it,
 Than with the sword, famine, or pestilence;

S E C T. XVII.

SMELLING.

NEXT, in the nostrils she doth use the smell;
 As God the breath of life in them did give;
 So makes he now this power in them to dwell,
 To judge all airs, whereby we breath and live.

This sense is also mistress of an art,
 Which to soft people sweet perfumes doth sell;
 Tho' this dear art doth little good impart,
 Since they smell best, that do of nothing smell.

And yet good scents do purify the brain,
 Awake the fancy, and the wits refine:
 Hence old devotion incense did ordain,
 To make men's spirits more apt for thoughts divine.

S E C T. XVIII

FEELING.

L Astly, the feeling pow'r, which is life's root,
 Thro' ev'ry living part itself doth shed,
 By sinews, which extend from head to foot;
 And, like a net, all o'er the body spread,

Much like a subtile spider, which doth sit
 In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide;
 If ought do touch the utmost thread of it,
 She feels it instantly on ev'ry side.

By touch, the first pure qualities we learn,
 Which quicken all things, hot, cold, moist, and dry:
 By touch, hard, soft, rough, smooth, we do discern;
 By touch, sweet pleasure, and sharp pain we try.

S E C T. XIX.

OF THE IMAGINATION, OR COMMON SENSE.

THese are the outward instruments of sense;
These are the guards which ev'ry thing must
E'er it approach the mind's intelligence, [pass,
Or touch the fantasy, wit's looking-glass.

And yet these porters, which all things admit,
Themselves perceive not, nor discern the things :
One common pow'r doth in the forehead sit,
Which all their proper forms together brings.

For all those nerves, which spirits of sense do bear,
And to those outward organs spreading go,
United are, as in a centre, there ;
And there this pow'r those sundry forms doth know,

Those outward organs present things receive,
This inward sense doth absent things retain ;
Yet strait transmits all forms she doth perceive,
Unto an higher region of the brain.

S E C T. XX.

FANTASY.

WHere fantasy, near hand-maid to the mind,
Sits, and beholds, and doth discern them all;
Compounds in one things diff'rent in their kind;
Compares the black and white, the great and small.

Besides, those single forms she doth esteem,
And in her ballance doth their values try;
Where some things good, and some things ill do seem,
And neutral some, in her fantastic eye.

This busy pow'r is working day and night;
For when the outward senses rest do take,
A thousand dreams, fantastical and light,
With flutt'ring wings, do keep her still awake.

S E C T. XXI.

SENSITIVE MEMORY.

YET always all may not afore her be;
Successively she this and that intends;
Therefore such forms as she doth cease to see,
To memory's large volume she commends.

This ledger-book lies in the brain behind,
Like Janus eye, which in his pole was set:
The lay-man's tables, store-house of the mind;
Which doth remember much, and much forget.

Here sense's apprehension end doth take;
As when a stone is into water cast,
One circle doth another circle make,
Till the last circle touch the bank at last.

S E C T. XXII.

THE PASSION OF THE SENSE.

BUT tho' the apprehensive pow'r do pause,
The motive vertue then begins to move;
Which in the heart below doth passions cause,
Joy, grief, and fear, and hope, and hate, and love.

These passions have a free commanding might,
And divers actions in our life do breed;
For all acts done without true reasons light,
Do from the passion of the sense proceed.

But since the brain doth lodge the pow'rs of sense,
How makes it in the heart those passions spring?
The mutual love, the kind intelligence
'Twixt heart and brain, this sympathy doth bring.

From the kind heat, which in the heart doth reign,
The spirits of life do their beginning take;
These spirits of life ascending to the brain,
When they come there, the spirits of sense do make.

These spirits of sense, in fantasy's high court,
Judge of the forms of objects, ill or well;
And so they send a good or ill report
Down to the heart, where all affections dwell.

If the report be good, it causeth love,
 And longing hope, and well assured joy:
 If it be ill, then doth it hatred move,
 And trembling fear, and vexing griefs annoy.

Yet were these natural affections good,
 For they which want them, blocks or devils be,
 If reason in her first perfection stood,
 That she might nature's passions rectify.

S E C T. XXIII.

LOCAL MOTION.

BEsides, another motive-power doth arise [spring
 Out of the heart, from whose pure blood do
 The vital spirits; which born in arteries,
 Continual motion to all parts do bring.

This makes the pulses beat, and lungs respire:
 This holds the sinews like a bridle's reins;
 And makes the body to advance, retire,
 To turn, or stop, as she them slacks, or strains.

Thus the soul tunes the body's instruments,
 These harmonies she makes with life and sense;
 The organs fit are by the body lent,
 But th' actions flow from the Soul's influence.

S E C T. XXIV.

THE INTELLECTUAL POWERS OF THE SOUL.

BUT now I have a will, yet want a wit,
 T' express the working of the wit and will;
 Which, tho' their root be to the body knit,
 Use not the body, when they use their skill.

These powr's the nature of the soul declare,
 For to man's soul these only proper be;
 For on the earth no other wights there are,
 That have these heav'nly pow'rs, but only we.

S E C T. XXV.

WIT, REASON, UNDERSTANDING, OPINION, JUDGE-
 MENT, WISDOM.

THE wit, the pupil of the soul's clear eye,
 And in man's world, the only shining star:
 Look in the mirror of the fantasy,
 Where all the gath'rings of the senses are.

From thence this pow'r the shapes of things abstracts,
 And them within her passive part receives,
 Which are enlightned by that part which acts;
 And so the forms of single things perceives.

But after, by discoursing to and fro,
 Anticipating, and comparing things,
She doth all universal natures know,
 And all effects into their causes brings.

When she rates things, and moves from ground to
 The name of reason she obtains by this: [ground,
But when by reason she the truth hath found,
 And standeth fix'd, she understanding is.

When her assent she lightly doth incline
 To either part, she has opinion's light:
But when she doth by principles define
 A certain truth, she hath true judgment's light.

And as from senses, reason's work doth spring,
 So many reasons understanding gain;
And many understandings knowledge bring,
 And by much knowledge, wisdom we obtain.

So, many stairs we must ascend upright,
 E'er we attain to wisdom's high degree:
So doth this earth eclipse our reason's light,
 Which else, in instants, would like angels see.

S E C T. XXVI.

INNATE IDEAS IN THE SOUL.

YET hath the soul a dowry natural, [to see;
And sparks of light, some common things
Not being a blank where nought is writ at all,
But what the writer will, may written be.

For nature in man's heart her laws doth pen,
Prescribing truth to wit, and good to will;
Which do accuse, or else excuse all men,
For ev'ry thought or practice, good or ill:

And yet these sparks grow almost infinite,
Making the world, and all therein, their food;
As fire so spreads, as no place holdeth it,
Being nourish'd still with new supplies of wood.

And tho' these sparks were almost quench'd with sin,
Yet they whom that just One hath justify'd,
Have them increas'd with heav'nly light within;
And like the widow's oil, still multiply'd.

S E C T. XXVII.

THE POWER OF WILL, AND RELATION BETWEEN THE
WIT AND WILL.

AND as this wit should goodness truly know,
We have a will, which that true good should
Tho' will do oft, when wit false forms doth show, [chuse,
Take ill for good, and good for ill refuse.

Will puts in practice what the wit deviseth :
Will ever acts, and wit contemplates still ;
And as from wit, the pow'r of wisdom riseth,
All other vertues daughters are of will.

Will is the prince, and wit the counsellor,
Which doth for common good in council sit ;
And when wit is resolv'd, will lends her pow'r
To execute what is advis'd by wit.

Wit is the mind's chief judge, which doth controul
Of fancy's court the judgments false and vain :
Will holds the royal sceptre in the soul,
And on the passions of the heart doth reign.

Will is as free as any emperor,
Nought can restrain her gentle liberty :
No tyrant, nor no torment hath the pow'r
To make us will, when we unwilling be.

S E C T. XXVIII.

THE INTELLECTUAL MEMORY.

TO these high pow'rs a store-house doth pertain,
 Where they all arts, and gen'ral reasons lay;
 Which in the soul, ev'n after death, remain,
 And no Lethaeon flood can wash away.

S E C T. XXIX.

THE DEPENDENCY OF THE SOUL'S FACULTIES UPON
EACH OTHER.

THIS is the soul, and these her vertues be;
 Which, tho' they have their sundry proper
 And one exceeds another in degree, [ends,
 Yet each on other mutually depends.

Our wit is giv'n, Almighty God to know;
 Our will is giv'n to love him, being known:
 But God could not be known to us below,
 But by his works, which thro' the sense are shown.

And as the wit doth reap the fruits of sense,
 So doth the quick'ning pow'r the senses feed:
 Thus while they do their sundry gifts dispense,
 The best the service of the least doth need.

Ev'n so the king his magistrates do serve,
Yet commons feed both magistrates and king:
The commons peace the magistrates preserve, [spring.
By borrow'd pow'r, which from the prince doth

The quick'ning pow'r would be, and so would rest;
The sense would not be only, but be well:
But wit's ambition longeth to the best,
For it desires in endless blifs to dwell.

And these three pow'rs, three sorts of men do make;
For some, like plants, their veins do only fill;
And some, like beasts, their senses pleasure take;
And some, like angels, do contemplate still.

Therefore the fables turn'd some men to flow'rs,
And others did with brutish forms invest,
And did of others make celestial pow'rs,
Like angels, which still travel, yet still rest.

Yet these three pow'rs are not three souls, but one;
As one and two are both contain'd in three;
Three being one number by it self alone,
A shadow of the blessed trinity.

Oh! What is man, great maker of mankind!
That thou to him so great respect dost bear!
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and ev'n an angel's peer!

Oh! What a lively life, what heav'nly pow'r,
 What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
 How great, how plentiful, how rich a dow'r
 Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou leav'st thy print in other works of thine;
 But thy whole image thou in man hast writ:
 There cannot be a creature more divine,
 Except, like thee, it should be infinite.

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high
 God hath rais'd man, since God a man became:
 The angels do admire this mystery,
 And are astonish'd when they view the same.

Nor hath he giv'n these blessings for a day,
 Nor made them on the body's life depend;
 The soul, tho' made in time, survives for ay;
 And tho' it hath beginning, sees no end.

S E C T. XXX.

THAT THE SOUL IS IMMORTAL, PROVED BY SEVERAL
REASONS.

HER only end, is never-ending bliss ;
Which is, the eternal face of God to see ;
Who, last of ends, and first of causes is :
And to do this, she must eternal be.

How senseless then, and dead a soul hath he,
Which thinks his soul doth with his body dye :
Or thinks not so, but so would have it be,
That he might sin with more security ?

For tho' these light and vicious persons say,
Our soul is but a smock, or airy blast,
Which, during life, doth in her nostrils play,
And when we die, doth turn to wind at last :

Altho' they say, Come, let us eat and drink ;
Our life is but a spark, which quickly dies :
Tho' thus they say, they know not what to think ;
But in their minds ten thousand doubts arise.

Therefore no Hereticks desire to spread
Their light opinions, like these Epicures ;
For so their stagg'ring thoughts are comforted,
And other mens assent their doubt assures.

Yet tho' these men against their conscience strive,
 There are some sparkles in their flinty breasts,
 Which cannot be extinct, but still revive;
 That tho' they would, they cannot quite be beasts.

But who so makes a mirror of his mind,
 And doth with patience view himself therein,
 His soul's eternity shall clearly find,
 Tho' the other beauties be defac'd with sin.

REASON I.

First, in man's mind we find an appetite
 To learn and know the truth of ev'ry thing,
 Which is co-natural, and born with it,
 And from the essence of the soul doth spring.

With this desire, she hath a native might
 To find out ev'ry truth, if she had time;
 Th' innumerable effects to sort aright,
 And by degrees, from cause to cause to climb,

But since our life so fast away doth slide,
 As doth an hungry eagle thro' the wind;
 Or as a ship transported with the tide,
 Which in their passage leave no print behind :

Of which swift little time so much we spend,
 While some few things we thro' the sense do strain,
 That our short race of life is at an end,
 E'er we the principles of skill attain,

Or God, who to vain ends hath nothing done,
 In vain this appetite and pow'r hath giv'n;
 Or else our knowledge, which is here begun,
 Hereafter must be perfected in Heav'n.

God never gave a pow'r to one whole kind,
 But most part of that kind did use the same:
 Most eyes have perfect sight, tho' some be blind;
 Most legs can nimbly run, tho' some be lame.

But in this life no soul the truth can know
 So perfectly, as it hath pow'r to do:
 If then perfection be not found below,
 An higher place must make her mount thereto.

REASON 2.

Again, How can she but immortal be,
 When with the motions of both will and wit,
 She still aspireth to eternity,
 And never rests, till she attains to it?

Water in conduit-pipes can rise no higher
 Than the well-head from whence it first doth spring;
 Then since to eternal God she doth aspire,
 She cannot be but an eternal thing.

All moving things to other things do move,
 Of the same kind, which shews their nature such:
 So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
 Till both their proper elements do touch,

And as the moisture, which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea, to fill her empty veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs a nymph along the grassy plains :

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land,
From whose soft side she first did issue make ;
She tastes all places, turns to ev'ry hand,
Her flow'ry banks unwilling to forsake :

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the ocean marry,
Within whose watry bosom first she lay.

Ev'n so the soul, which in this earthly mould
The spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views :

At first her mother-earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world, and worldly things ;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings :

Yet under heaven she cannot light on ought,
That with her heav'nly nature doth agree ;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had health?
Or having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind?

Then as a bee, which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flow'rs, with lustre fresh and gay;
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all;
But pleas'd with none, doth rise, and soar away;

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to him that first her wings did make.

Wit, seeing truth, from cause to cause ascends,
And never rests, till it the first attain:
Will, seeking good, finds many middle ends;
But never stays, till it the last do gain.

Now God the truth, and first of causes is;
God is the last good end, which lasteth still;
Being Alpha and Omega nam'd for this;
Alpha to Wit, Omega to the will.

Since then her heav'nly kind she doth display,
In that to God she doth directly move;
And on no mortal thing can make her stay,
She cannot be from hence, but from above,

And yet this first true cause, and last good end,
She cannot here so well, and truly see;
For this perfection she must yet attend,
Till to her maker she espoused be.

As a king's daughter, being in person sought
Of divers princes, who do neighbour near,
On none of them can fix a constant thought,
Tho' she to all do lend a gentle ear;

Yet can she love a foreign emperor,
Whom of great worth and pow'r she hears to be,
If she be woo'd but by ambassador,
Or but his letters, or his pictures see:

For well she knows, that when she shall be brought
Into the kingdom where her spouse doth reign;
Her eyes shall see what she conceiv'd in thought,
Himself, his state, his glory, and his train.

So while the virgin-soul on earth doth stay,
She woo'd and tempted is ten thousand ways,
By these great pow'rs, which on the earth bear sway,
The wisdom of the world, wealth, pleasure, praise:

With these sometimes she doth her time beguile,
These do by fits her fantasie possess;
But she distastes them all within a while,
And in the sweetest finds a tediousness.

But if upon the world's almighty king
 She once doth fix her humble loving thought,
 Who by his picture drawn in ev'ry thing,
 And sacred messages, her love hath sought;

Of him she thinks she cannot think too much;
 This honey tasted, still is ever sweet;
 The pleasure of her ravish'd thought is such,
 As almost here she with her bliss doth meet:

But when in heav'n she shall his essence see,
 This is her sov'reign Good, and perfect bliss;
 Her longing, wishings, hopes, all finish'd be,
 Her joys are full, her motions rest in this:

There is she crown'd with garlands of content;
 There doth she manna eat, and nectar drink:
 That presence doth such high delights present,
 As never tongue could speak, nor heart could think.

REASON 3.

For this, the better souls do oft despise
 The body's death, and do it oft desire;
 For when on ground the burden'd ballance lies,
 The empty part is lifted up the higher:

But if the body's death the soul should kill,
 Then death must needs against her nature be;
 And were it so, all souls would fly it still,
 For nature hates and shuns her contrary.

For all things else, which nature makes to be,
Their being to preserve, are chiefly taught;
And tho' some things desire a change to see,
Yet never thing did long to turn to nought.

If then by death the soul were quenched quite,
She could not thus against her nature run;
Since ev'ry senseless thing, by nature's light,
Doth preservation seek, destruction shun.

Nor could the world's best spirits so much err,
If death took all, that they should all agree,
Before this life, their honour to prefer:
For what is praise to things that nothing be?

Again, if by the body's prop she stand;
If on the body's life, her life depend,
As Meleagers on the fatal brand,
The body's good she only would intend:

We should not find her half so brave and bold,
To lead it to the wars, and to the seas,
To make it suffer watchings, hunger, cold,
When it might feed with plenty, rest with ease.

Doubtless, all souls have a surviving thought,
Therefore of death we think with quiet mind;
But if we think of being turn'd to nought,
A trembling horror in our souls we find.

REASON 4.

And as the better spirit, when she doth bear
A scorn of death, doth shew she cannot die;
So when the wicked soul death's face doth fear,
Ev'n then she proves her own eternity.

For when death's form appears, she seareth not
An utter quenching, or extinguishment;
She would be glad to meet with such a lot,
That so she might all future ill prevent:

But she doth doubt what after may befall;
For nature's law accuseth her within,
And faith, 'tis true what is affirm'd by all,
That after death there is a pain for sin.

Then she who hath been hood-wink'd from her birth,
Doth first her self within death's mirrour see;
And when her body doth return to earth,
She first takes care, how she alone shall be.

Who ever sees these irreligious men,
With burthen of a sickness weak and faint,
But hears them talking of religion then,
And vowing of their souls to ev'ry saint?

When was there ever curst Atheist brought
Unto the gibbet, but he did adore
That blessed pow'r, which he had set at nought,
Scorn'd and blasphem'd all his life before?

These light vain persons still are drunk and mad,
 With surfeitings, and pleasures of their youth;
 But at their death they are fresh, sober, sad;
 Then they discern, and then they speak the truth.

If then all souls, both good and bad, do teach,
 With gen'ral voice, that souls can never die;
 'Tis not man's flatt'ring gloss, but nature's speech,
 Which, like God's oracles, can never lye.

REASON 5.

Hence springs that universal strong desire,
 Which all men have of immortality:
 Not some few spirits unto this thought aspire,
 But all men's minds in this united be.

Then this desire of nature is not vain,
 She covets not impossibilities;
 Fond thoughts may fall into some idle brain,
 But one assent of all is ever wise.

From hence that gen'ral care and study springs,
 That launching, and progression of the mind,
 Which all men have so much of future things,
 That they no joy do in the present find.

From this desire, that main-desire proceeds,
 Which all men have surviving fame to gain,
 By tombs, by books, by memorable deeds;
 For she that this desires, doth still remain.

Hence, lastly, springs care of posterities,
For things their kind would everlasting make:
Hence is it, that old men do plant young trees,
The fruit whereof another age shall take.

If we these rules unto our selves apply,
And view them by reflection of the mind,
All these true notes of immortality
In our heart's tables we shall written find.

REASON 6.

And tho' some impious wits do questions move,
And doubt if souls immortal be, or no;
That doubt their immortality doth prove,
Because they seem immortal things to know.

For he who reasons on both parts doth bring,
Doth some things mortal, some immortal call;
Now, if himself were but a mortal thing,
He could not judge immortal things at all.

For when we judge, our minds we mirrors make;
And as those glasses which material be,
Forms of material things do only take;
For thoughts or minds in thhm we cannot see:

So when we God and angels do conceive,
And think of truth, which is eternal too;
Then do our minds immortal forms receive,
Which if they mortal were, they could not do.

And as if beasts conceiv'd what reason were,
And that conception should distinctly show,
They should the name of reasonable bear;
For without reason, none could reason know;

So when the soul mounts with so high a wing,
As of eternal things she doubts can move;
She proofs of her eternity doth bring,
Ev'n when she strives the contrary to prove.

For ev'n the thought of immortality,
Being an act done without the body's aid,
Shews, that herself alone could move and be,
Altho' the body in the grave were laid,

S E C T. XXXI.

THAT THE SOUL CANNOT BE DESTROY'D.

AND if herself she can so lively move,
And never need a foreign help to take;
Then must her motion everlasting prove,
Because herself she never can forsake.

But tho' corruption cannot touch the mind
By any cause that from itself may spring,
Some outward cause fate hath perhaps design'd,
Which to the soul may utter quenching bring.

Perhaps her cause may cease, and she may die:
God is her cause, his Word her Maker was;
Which shall stand fix'd for all eternity,
When heav'n and earth shall like a shadow pass.

Perhaps some thing repugnant to her kind,
By strong antipathy, the soul may kill:
But what can be contrary to the mind,
Which holds all contraries in concord still?

She lodgeth heat, and cold, and moist, and dry,
And life, and death, and peace, and war together;
Ten thousand fighting things in her do lie,
Yet neither troubleth, or disturbeth either.

Perhaps for want of food, the soul may pine;
But that were strange, since all things bad and good,
Since all God's creatures, mortal and divine,
Since God himself is her eternal food.

Bodies are fed with things of mortal kind,
And so are subject to mortality:
But truth, which is eternal, feeds the mind;
The tree of life, which will not let her die.

Yet violence perhaps the soul destroys,
As lightning, or the sun-beams dim the sight;
Or as a thunder-clap, or cannon's noise,
The pow'r of hearing doth astonish quite;

But high perfection to the soul it brings,
T' encounter things most excellent and high;
For, when she views the best and greatest things,
They do not hurt, but rather clear the eye.

Besides, as Homer's Gods, 'gainst armies stand,
Her subtle form can thro' all dangers slide:
Bodies are captive, minds endure no band;
And will is free, and can no force abide.

But lastly, time perhaps at last hath pow'r
To spend her lively pow'rs, and quench her light;
But old God Saturn, which doth all devour,
Doth cherish her, and still augment her might.

Heav'n waxeth old, and all the spheres above
Shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay;
And time itself, in time shall cease to move;
Only the soul survives, and lives for ay.

Our bodies, ev'ry footstep that they make,
March towards death, until at last they dye:
Whether we work or play, or sleep or wake,
Our life doth pass, and with times wings doth fly:

But to the soul, time doth perfection give,
And adds fresh lustre to her beauty still;
And makes her in eternal youth to live,
Like her which Nectar to the gods doth fill.

The more she lives, the more she feeds on truth;
The more she feeds, her strength doth more increase:
And what is strength, but an effect of youth,
Which if time nurse, how can it ever cease?

S E C T. XXXII.

OBJECTIONS AGAINST THE IMMORTALITY OF THE
SOUL, WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE ANSWERS.

BUT now these Epicures begin to smile,
And say, my doctrine is more safe than true;
And that I fondly do myself beguile,
While these receiv'd opinions I ensue.

For, what, say they? doth not the soul wax old?
How comes it then that aged men do dote;
And that their brains grow sottish, dull and cold,
Which were in youth the only spirits of note?

What? are not souls within themselves corrupted?
How can there idiots then by nature be?
How is it that some wits are interrupted,
That now they dazled are, now clearly see?

These questions make a subtile argument,
To such as think both sense and reason one;
To whom nor agent, from the instrument,
Nor pow'r of working, from the work is known.

But they that know that wit can shew no skill,
But when she things in sense's glass doth view,
Do know, if accident this glass do spill,
It nothing sees, or sees the false for true.

For, if that region of the tender brain,
Where th' inward sense of fantasy should sit,
And th' outward senses, gath'rings should retain;
By nature, or by chance, become unfit:

Either at first incapable it is,
And so few things, or none at all receives:
Or mar'd by accident, which haps amiss,
And so amiss it ev'ry thing perceives.

Then, as a cunning prince that useth Spies,
If they return no news, doth nothing know;
But if they make advertisement of lies,
The prince's councils all awry do go:

Ev'n so the soul to such a body knit,
Whose inward senses undisposed be;
And to receive the forms of things unfit,
Where nothing is brought in, can nothing see.

This makes the idiot, which hath yet a mind,
Able to know the truth, and chuse the good:
If she such figures in the brain did find,
As might be found, if it in temper stood.

But if a phrensy do possess the brain,
It so disturbs and blots the forms of things,
As fantasy proves altogether vain,
And to the wit no true relation brings.

Then doth the wit, admitting all for true,
Build fond conclusions on those idle grounds:
Then doth it fly the good, and ill pursue;
Believing all that this false spy propounds.

But purge the humours, and the rage appease,
Which this distemper in the fancy wrought;
Then shall the wit, which never had disease,
Discourse, and judge discreetly, as it ought.

So, tho' the clouds eclipse the sun's fair light,
Yet from his face they do not take one beam;
So have our eyes their perfect pow'r of sight,
Ev'n when they look into a troubled stream.

Then these defects in sense's organs be;
Not in the soul, or in her working might:
She cannot lose her perfect pow'r to see,
Tho' mists and clouds do choak her window-light.

These imperfections then we must impute,
Not to the agent, but the instrument:
We must not blame Apollo, but his lute,
If false accords from her false strings be sent.

The soul in all hath one intelligence;
Tho' too much moisture in an infant's brain,
And too much driness in an old man's sense,
Cannot the prints of outward things retain,

Then doth the soul want work, and idle sit,
And this we childishness and dotage call;
Yet hath she then a quick and active wit,
If she had stuff and tools to work withal:

For, give her organs fit, and objects fair;
Give but the aged man the young man's sense;
Let but Medea Æson's youth repair,
And straight she shews her wonted excellence;

As a good harper, stricken far in years,
Into whose cunning hands the gout doth fall,
All his old crotchets in his brain he bears,
But on his harp plays ill, or not at all.

But if Apollo takes his gout away,
That he his nimble fingers may apply;
Apollo's self will envy at his play,
And all the world applaud his minstrelsy.

Then dotage is no weakness of the mind,
But of the sense; for if the mind did waste,
In all old men we should this wasting find,
When they some certain term of years had pass'd;

But most of them, ev'n to their dying hour,
Retain a mind more lively, quick and strong;
And better use their understanding pow'r,
Than when their brains were warm, and limbs
[were young,

For, tho' the body wasted be, and weak,
 And tho' the leaden form of earth it bears;
 Yet when we hear that half-dead body speak,
 We oft are ravish'd to the heav'nly spheres.

Yet say these men, if all her organs die,
 Then hath the soul no pow'r her pow'rs to use:
 So, in a sort, her pow'rs extinct do lie,
 When unto act she cannot them reduce.

And if her pow'rs be dead, then what is she?
 For since from ev'ry thing some pow'rs do spring;
 And from those pow'rs, some acts proceeding be;
 Then kill both pow'r and act, and kill the thing.

Doubtless, the body's death, when once it dies,
 The instruments of sense and life doth kill;
 So that she cannot use those faculties,
 Altho' their root rest in her substance still.

But, as the body living, wit and will
 Can judge and chuse, without the body's aid;
 Tho' on such objects they are working still,
 As thro' the body's organs are convey'd:

So, when the body serves her turn no more,
 And all her senses are extinct and gone,
 She can discourse of what she learn'd before,
 In heav'nly contemplations, all alone.

So, if one man well on the lute doth play,
And have good horfemanship, and learning skill;
Tho' both his lute and horfe we take away,
Doth he not keep his former learning still?

He keeps it, doubtless, and can use it too;
And doth both th' other skills in pow'r retain;
And can of both the proper actions do,
If with his lute or horfe he meet again.

So tho' the instruments, by which we live,
And view the world, the body's death do kill;
Yet with the body they shall all revive,
And all their wonted offices fulfil.

But how, till then, shall she herself employ? [fore;
Her spies are dead, which brought home news be-
What she hath got, and keeps, she may enjoy,
But she hath means to understand no more.

Then what do those poor souls, which nothing get?
Or what do those which get, and cannot keep?
Like buckets bottomless, which all out let,
Those souls, for want of exercise, must sleep.

See how man's soul against itself doth strive:
Why should we not have other means to know?
As children, while within the womb they live,
Feed by the navil: here they feed not so.

These children, if they had some use of sense,
And should by chance their mother's talking hear,
That in short time they shall come forth from thence,
Would fear their birth, more than our death we
[fear.

They would cry out, if we this place shall leave,
Then shall we break our tender navil-strings:
How shall we then our nourishment receive,
Since our sweet food no other conduit brings?

And if a man should to these babes reply,
That into this fair world they shall be brought,
Where they shall view the earth, the sea, the sky,
The glorious sun, and all that God hath wrought:

That there ten thousand dainties they shall meet,
Which by their mouths they shall with pleasure take;
Which shall be cordial too, as well as sweet;
And of their little limbs, tall bodies make:

This world they'd think a fable, ev'n as we
Do think the story of the golden age;
Or as some sensual spirits 'mongst us be,
Which hold the world to come, a feigned stage:

Yet shall these infants after find all true,
Tho' then thereof they nothing could conceive:
As soon as they are born, the world they view,
And with their mouths, the nurses milk receive.

So when the soul is born, for death is nought
But the soul's birth, and so we should it call,
Ten thousand things she sees beyond her thought;
And in an unknown manner, knows them all.

Then doth she see by spectacles no more,
She hears not by report of double spies;
Herself in instants doth all things explore;
For each thing's present, and before her lies.

But still this crew with questions me pursues:
If souls deceas'd, say they, still living be,
Why do they not return, to bring us news
Of that strange world, where they such wonders see?

Fond men! if we believe that men do live
Under the zenith of both frozen poles,
Tho' none come thence, advertisement to give,
Why bear we not the like faith of our souls?

The soul hath here on earth no more to do,
Than we have business in our mother's womb:
What child doth covet to return thereto,
Altho' all children first from thence do come?

But as Noah's pigeon, which return'd no more,
Did shew, she footing found, for all the flood;
So when good souls, departed thro' death's door,
Come not again, it shews their dwelling good.

And doubtless, such a soul as up doth mount,
And doth appear before her maker's face,
Holds this vile world in such a base account,
As she looks down and scorns this wretched place.

But such as are detrudd down to hell,
Either for shame, they still themselves retire;
Or ty'd in chains, they in close prison dwell,
And cannot come, altho' they much desire.

Well, well, say these vain spirits, thought vain it is
To think our souls to heav'n or hell do go;
Politick men have thought it not amiss,
To spread this lye, to make men virtuous so.

Do you then think this moral vertue good?
I think you do, ev'n for your private gain;
For common-wealths by vertue ever stood,
And common good the private doth contain.

If then this vertue you do love so well,
Have you no means, her practice to maintain;
But you this lye must to the people tell,
That good souls live in joy, and ill in pain?

Must vertue be preserved by a lye?
Vertue and truth do ever best agree;
By this it seems to be a verity,
Since the effects so good and virtuous be.

For, as the devil, the father is of lies,
So vice and mischief do his lies ensue:
Then this good doctrine did not he devise;
But made this lye, which faith, it is not true.

For, how can that be false, which ev'ry tongue
Of ev'ry mortal man affirms for true?
Which truth hath in all ages been so strong,
As, load-stone-like, all hearts it ever drew.

For, not the Christian, or the Jew alone,
The Persian, or the Turk, acknowledgè this;
This mystery to the wild Indian known,
And to the Canibal and Tartar is.

This rich Assyrian drug grows ev'ry where;
As common in the north, as in the east:
This doctrine doth not enter by the ear,
But of itself is native in the breast.

None that acknowledge God, or providence,
Their souls eternity did ever doubt;
For all religion takes root from hence,
Which no poor naked nation lives without.

For since the world for man created was,
For only man the use thereof doth know,
If man do perish like a wither'd grass,
How doth God's wisdom order things below?

And if that wisdom still wise ends propound,
Why made he man, of other creatures, king;
When, if he perish here, there is not found
In all the world so poor and vile a thing?

If death do quench us quite, we have great wrong,
Since for our service all things else were wrought;
That daws, and trees, and rocks should last so long,
When we must in an instant pass to nought.

But blest'd be that great pow'r, that hath us blest'd
With longer life than heav'n or earth can have;
Which hath infus'd into her mortal breast
Immortal pow'rs not subject to the grave.

For tho' the soul do seem her grave to bear,
And in this world is almost bury'd quick,
We have no cause the body's death to fear;
For when the shell is broke, out comes a chick.

S E C T. XXXIII.

THREE KINDS OF LIFE ANSWERABLE TO THE THREE
POWERS OF THE SOUL.

FOR as the soul's essential pow'rs are three;
The quick'ning pow'r, the pow'r of sense and
Three kinds of life to her designed be, [reason;
Which perfect these three pow'rs in their due sea-
[son.

The first life in the mother's womb is spent,
Where she her nursing pow'r doth only use;
Where, when she finds defect of nourishment,
She expels her body, and this world she views.

This we call birth; but if the child could speak,
He death would call it; and of nature plain,
That she would thrust him out naked and weak,
And in his passage pinch him with such pain.

Yet out he comes, and in this world is plac'd,
Where all his senses in perfection be;
Where he finds flow'rs to smell, and fruits to taste,
And sounds to hear, and sundry forms to see,

When he hath pass'd some time upon the stage,
His reason then a little seems to wake;
Which, tho' she spring when sense doth fade with age,
Yet can she here no perfect practice make.

Then doth aspiring soul the body leave,
Which we call death ; but were it known to all,
What life our souls do by this death receive,
Men would it birth, or goal-deliv'ry call.

In this third life, reason will be so bright,
As that her spark will like the sun-beams shine,
And shall of God enjoy the real sight,
Being still increas'd by influence divine.

S E C T. XXXIV.

THE CONCLUSION.

O Ignorant poor man ! what dost thou bear,
Lock'd up within the casket of thy breast ?
What jewels, and what riches hast thou there ?
What heav'nly treasure in so weak a chest ?

Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find,
Like those which drown'd Narcissus in the flood :
Honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,
And all that in the world is counted good.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean,
This worthy mind should worthy things embrace ;
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

94 OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Kill not her quick'ning power with surfeitings;
Mar not her sense with sensuality:
Cast not her serious wit on idle things;
Make not her free-will slave to vanity.

And when thou think'st of her eternity,
Think not that death against our nature is;
Think it a birth: and when thou go'st to die,
Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.

And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,
Being in the dark, where thou didst nothing see;
Now I have brought thee torch-light, fear no more;
Now when thou dy'st, thou canst not hood-wink'd
[be.

And thou, my soul, which turn'st with curious eye,
To view the beams of thine own form divine,
Know, that thou can'st know nothing perfectly,
While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Take heed of over-weening, and compare
Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train:
Study the best and highest things that are,
But of thy self an humble thought retain.

Cast down thy self, and only strive to raise
The glory of thy Maker's sacred name:
Use all thy pow'rs, that blessed pow'r to praise,
Which gives thee pow'r to be, and use the same.

F I N I S.



